

# Head in the Sand

**Justin Jannise**

Tempting  
to cling

to some certainty,  
this memory,

that fact  
about peaches and not retract

in the face of certain dirt.  
Possible to remain inured

to the funneling away  
of fuel, the always-nearly-empty gauge,

despite such frequent sojourns  
to the pump. Tough to worship the book's closure

and remain readerly.  
Tougher to hug the mystery

as close to the chest as a lung,  
or to know how your tongue

tastes. Tougher still  
to go through with the burial

when the coast  
is eroding, and the forecasts

say  
rain every day.